the weak and defy the strong in other countries than at home. A capital levy, say—what a tedious, troublesome business, stirring up bad-feeling, malicious attacks; whereas speaking out in ringing tones for down-trodden Asiatics, earnestly pleading that justice should be done to a defeated enemy, brings a glow of righteousness and no brickbats which matter. The English have shown a marked talent for combining successful Imperialism with individual fulminations against imperialist oppression. The same generation produced a Cecil Rhodes and a Wilfred Scawen Blunt.[11] While Lord Byron was becoming famous as the champion of the oppressed Greeks, his countrymen were busy extending and consolidating their rule in India; and it would not, it is safe to presume, have struck Byron as in any way odd to finance Greek freedom with Indian dividends, if he had been fortunate enough to possess any,

MacDonald was in the Byron tradition in his conduct of foreign affairs, indeed at one point had as great a reputation on the Continent as the hero of Missolonghi. In Germany, in Central Europe, above all in Geneva, he was included with Byron, Oscar Wilde, and Galsworthy as representing England's best. Books were written about him in German, the Scandinavian languages and even French, and his features became as familiar as once Woodrow Wilson's had been. He introduced, it was felt, a badly needed element of poetry into the dreary wrangles which followed the Treaty of Versailles. When a journalist saw him early one morning, looking, rapt, across the Lake of Geneva, and greeted him, he mournfully

answered: 'The day is for the worrrld, but the morrrning is for myself/

He was the great exponent of the nations getting together round a conference table, he presiding. Their discontents and suspicions would all melt away like morning mist in the sun of

[n] In her *Life of Blunt* Miss Edith Knch records that he felt uncomfortable at a 'barbarously gorgeous banquet' given by the Khedive because he reflected that the cost of it would fall on the poverty-stricken fellaheen. Yet he was never made uncomfortable by the thought that the cost of his own luxurious mode of life must fall on someone.